

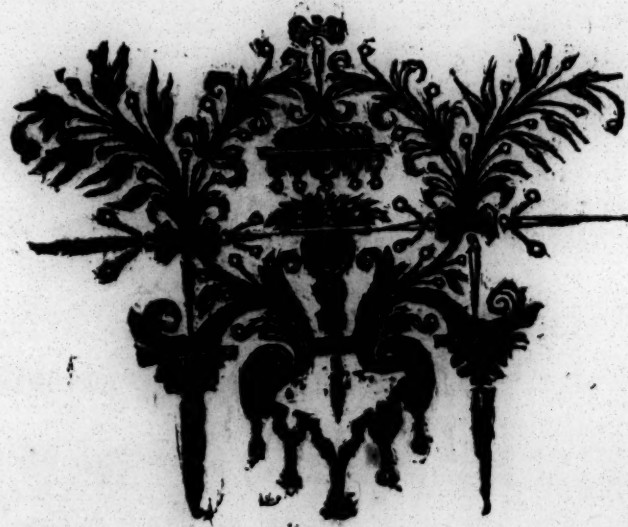
705
TIT FOR TAT.

OR AN

K
ANSWER

TO THE

EPISTLE *from* a Nobleman.



---Remember Milo's End,
Wedg'd in that Timber, which he strove to rend. Roscom.

L O N D O N:
Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Ivy-Lane*.
MDCCXXXIV.
(Price Six-pence.)

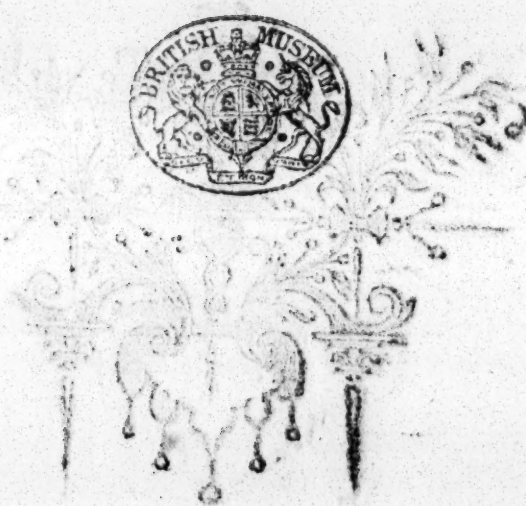
TIT FOR TAT

OR

ANSWER

TO

EPICUREAN



—Rogers-Milo, Ed.

Wright in the United States, which is first in order.

L O W D O W

Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIV

(Price Sixpence)



TIT for TAT.



W E E T, pretty Pratler of the C---t,
The Maid of Honour's daily Sport;
Dear, trifling Teizer of the Muses,
Whom every Soul alive abuses;

What Whim inspir'd thy stupid Brain,
To plague us in Heroick Strain?
Quitting thy doggrel, sing-song Rhime;
In hopes to reach the grand Sublime.

Thy learn'd Epistle well describ'd
The little Rules, you first imbib'd;
How happy You! the only Lord
Could ever read, or write one Word;
How smartly you expose the rest,
By Characters that suit thee best!
So justly drawn, at first sight known;
Shining in Talents, all your own.
How amiable to us appears,
The Progress of your infant Years?
The Child could read as soon as suck,
One hand the Bub, one held a Book;
Such Knowledge shewn, ev'n at the Breast;
Nurse swore, you'd be a Judge at least.
Being no Lord, you had no Patent
To let your nat'ral Parts lie latent;
As Master must not be a Fool,
E'er you could go, you're sent to School,
That the hid Seeds of genial Sense,
Might thrive by Learning's Influence;

Where

Where soon to such a height they sprung,
 (Like Winter Mushrooms rais'd by Dung :)
 You quicker learn'd, than they could teach,
 And all without one smarting B---ch ;
 Fond Mamma thought, a Rod but spoil'd
 The Genius of a witty Child.
 How soon ! you did strange *Latin* speak !
 And call the Boys hard Names in *Greek* !
 Nay, every Day improv'd still faster,
 'Till you out-run the very Master.
 To finish neat the Whole that's wanted,
 The Stripling was to C---rt transplanted :
 But there, alas ! the *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Were dropp'd for Velvet, Paint, and Sattin ;
 All musty, heathenish Rules laid by,
 The Art of Politicks to try,
 To swear, forswear, to plot, and lye :
 Chang'd to a Weather-cock of State,
 To save a finking St-----n's Fate.

The Farce could never be compleat,
 'Till with the L---ds he claim'd his Seat :
 Thrice happy now the House of P---rs !
 Learn ye Grey-beards from his green Years !
 There gulp down Wisdom from his Mouth,
 That Source of Honour, Sense, and Truth.

Could the Divine spend Time no better,
 Than writing thee a serious Letter ?
 Were his Tithes free from all dispute ?
 No stubborn Atheist to confute,
 By Texts of Scripture absolute ?
 No Duel orthodox to lift in ?
 No Wedding, or no Brat to christen ?
 That thus he'd load your little Head,
 Too full of Maggots it had bred.

How

How could you for such Stuff have leisure,
 Fatigu'd 'twixt Business and Pleasure?
 But when your L----p thought it fit,
 To grace his Dulness with your Wit;
 Why not indulge his just Request,
 Describing plain our Curse and Jest?
 You might have mounted pick-a-pack;
 Your Raree-show upon your Back;
 As *Savoyards* from Street to Street
 Accost each Passenger they meet:

See, Sir, these staring things in Ermin,
 That huff and strut to frighten Vermin;
 This Lady fair, with Harpy's Claws,
 Who all things to her Centre draws;
 And sways with universal Rule,
 Yet keeps the Secret from the Fool:
 This M-----r that can't indite,
 These Sec-----ries, that can't write:
 These B-----ps pawning Votes and Souls,
 These Men, made great, because they're Fools;
 These tearing military Blades,
 Whose Courage lies in their Cockades;
 (Or a Court Paradox by urging)
 These Maidens fix, without one Virgin.

Or told him, how you fool away
 In Show or Nonsense, Night and Day;
 One noisy, silly Scene of chatt'ring,
 Lying, swearing, cringing, flatt'ring;
 The same dull Round you each Day prance,
 Like Poet *Bayes*' grand jumbling Dance;
 Where Atheists, B-----ps, J-----es, Knaves,
 Make one continued Group of Slaves:
 A thousand things of equal Worth,
 With equal Wit, you might set forth;

B

And

And not have ink'd that pretty Hand,
With Matters you'll ne'er understand.

But in the name of ev'ry Wonder,
How came you thus on *P---pe* to blunder?
If in a filly waspish Mood
Resolv'd to lash at all that's good;
Virtue and Honour to bespatter,
By squirting out unmeaning Satyr,
As little Curs provok'd, make Water;
Thought you the World wou'd take that handle,
To patronize your senseless Scandal;
(Such Stuff as makes e'en *C-----r* puke;)
And not your Insolence rebuke?

In your own Sphere you might have found
Some proper Mark for you to wound:
Fools open to each feeble Thrust,
Who'd take your tinsel Wit on trust;
If you must write, on Coxcombs fall,
That can't or won't return the Ball;
Or jirk your Panegyrick Asses,
That spurious Offspring of *Parnassus*;
Or write some Comments to explain
The mystick Works of *C---ber's* Brain,
Thus Light reflecting each dark Ode on;
Or criticize good Captain *B-----n*:
Or the Poetick Scene to vary,
Fire out Lampoons on Lady *M---y*.

Unrival'd you may talk of Fashion,
And quite new dress the whole She-Nation;
Of various Colours shew the Grace,
Where Pink, where Blue becomes the Face,
Point out the *C---rt* Coquets and Saints,
Which of them washes, and which paints;
The smallest Blot in Life descry,
Who squints, who pins her Tail awry;

Brilliant your Genius here would shine,
Give Chat-chat life, and Modes refine.

But can your Arm a Weapon lift?
To battle *P---ney*, *Po---e*, or *S---ft*;
In an ill Hour the Task you chose,
Bep---s'd in Rhime, be---it in Prose;
'Tis Act the second of the Farce,
Just as you duell'd, you write Verse;
A vanquish'd Hero in the Field,
And on *Parnassus* forc'd to yield;
Let *P---pe* or *P---ney* be the Man,
You quit your Sword, or drop your Pen.
Secure that M-----ry must stand,
When you're its Head, its Heart, its Hand:

Pray for the future be advis'd;
Know you're not hated, but despis'd;
The World now scorns your little Tricks;
Your Scraps of Wit and Politicks:
Then Writing fly, and leave that part
To Men of Genius, and of Art;
Or if you still for scribbling long;
Why, tag a Rhime, or point a Song.
But you'll appear with better Grace,
Dress'd in the Ensigns of your *P---ce*;
The very Effence of Perfumes;
The Star of Balls and D-----g-Ro--ms;
The Wonder of a *Sunday* Croud,
Affected, foppish, vain, and loud;
Poppet all o'er in Shape and Feature,
A very Linsy-wolfy Creature;
Ne'er made for Use, just fit for Shew,
Half Wit, half Fool, half Man, half Beau:
Who'd spoil such Eyes for any Book?
What blooming Toast boasts such a Look?

So finely colour'd, such a Grace,
 One takes it for my Lady's Face;
 As highly touch'd with nicest Care,
 The self-same pert and silly Air:
 Well might that *Bard his Ign'rance plead,
 When charm'd with both as laid in Bed;
 Yet dubious which was Girl or Boy,
 To be secure, would both enjoy.

The Gifts of Heav'n then proudly boast,
 But Talents misapply'd are lost;
 Wisdom ill suits a Face so pretty,
 Content at most to be thought witty;
 Let dirty Patriots hold debate,
 In Senates shine, and mend the State;
 'Midst a Love-Speech, they'll surely spoil it,
 And cannot argue at a Toilet;
 Sometimes they catch us by the Ear,
 Whilst Eyes and Noses hold you dear.

Take then this kind Advice, as meant
 By him, who Folly to prevent,
 Or conquer e'er too strong it grow;
 Proves he's your Friend, tho' deem'd your Foe,

* *V—aire.*



F I N I S.

